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Miscellaneous.

LET US RALLY FOR ITS REPEAL!

The following article from the *Woodstock Mercury* is right to the point. Let us go for the repeal of the infamous *Sub Treasury Law*. The specie section of this law has been in operation under the present administration one year. So said Van Buren in his last Message. Has business or the country improved under it? No.—Directly the reverse has been the case. Then let us vote for no man, no man for Congress, no man for Governor, no man for the Assembly, who is not a known and uncompromising enemy of this Law—of this machine to crush northern industry, and to build up the slave interest of the South. Let our rallying cry be **REPEAL the Sub Treasury**.

Let every friend of American liberty proclaim and reiterate the cry, while this law remains upon our Statute book, that the "SUB TREASURY, must be repealed." Let the first article of political orthodoxy be, that the power of the President must be reduced, and the people again reinstated in their original constitutional rights. The money power must be separated from the executive control, or the balances and checks of the constitution are destroyed and liberty gone forever. The temple of liberty is assailed in its very foundation; every stone removed from the summit of its battlements, mars its symmetry and proportions; but the revolution occasioned by the passage of this bill is like removing its cornerstone. The bill was a party measure, passed by a party vote, by violent party management and against the wish and contrary to the interest of a majority of the freemen of the several states as expressed by their legislatures. This will be seen by a glance at the vote of the senate. If all the senators had been in their seats when this bill was passed and had voted in conformity to the known sentiments of the people, whom they represent, it is believed there would have been a majority of eleven votes against the bill; at any rate the bill could not have passed. In the House the bill was carried by virtue of a coalition between Mr. Van Buren and J. C. Calhoun; a coalition as remarkable as the ancient alliance between Herod and Pilate. This law is revolutionary in its tendency, both as it regards the business of the country and the power of the President. In 1834 President Jackson urged upon the senate his claim to control the revenues of the government in the following words: "Congress cannot, therefore take out of the hands of the Executive department the custody of the public property or money, without an assumption of Executive power, and a subversion of the free principles of the Constitution." This claim was effectively resisted by the senate; it was reserved for a congress of 1840 to concede and ratify it by the law establishing the sub-treasury. The revenues of the government in 1838 were over 32 millions. It is enacted by the sub-treasury bill, that one-fourth of the revenue shall be paid in gold or silver after the 30th day of June 1840, one-half in '41, three-fourths in '42 and the whole amount in 1843. During the coming year, therefore, the President will control one-fourth of the entire revenue in gold and silver, or to the amount of from 5 to 8 millions. This money must be locked up in the safes and vaults of the sub-treasury, and withdrawn from circulation; and with the prejudices and exasperated feelings of the President against merchants and the banks, this money will be kept out of their reach. This will produce pressure on all the business and manufactures of the country; while artisans, laborers and agriculturists will be ground to the dust between the upper and nether millstones. Five millions, put into circulation, in this vast community, and passed once each week, will pay, during one year, 250 millions in debts, and retain the same value still. What folly then, to lock up a treasure which might produce such a vast amount of good! But this is the lowest estimate of the power of doing evil, which this bill confers on the President. In 1842 his power will be doubled, and so on in that ratio, till the President will have the control of the entire revenue in gold and silver; long before which time he will have brought all the business of the country to depend on his sovereign pleasure. For 11 years, quacks have been experimenting upon the currency. They began with a currency, the best the world ever saw, and they have reduced it to a state of disorder and disease. And what have the people gained by all these experiments? Why the sad prospect of as many coming years of experiment of the workings of the sub-treasury bill. These results have been acquired at the expense of the reduction of property to the amount of 100 per cent; of the stagnation and stoppage of manufactures and other kinds of business; of mutual distrust among the business classes, and of bank ruptcies, failures and general distress. The officeholders, the experimenters, and traffickers in the precious metals are not only exempted from these evils, but have added to their salaries, fees and specie 100 per cent. The man owing \$100 must sell what, but for this bill, would command \$200 to pay \$100, while the holder of the note actually obtains the value of two notes, by the operation of this system of national legislation. Thus the rich are made richer, and the poor poorer. The poor man is robbed of half his hard earnings to swell the lordly estate of men, who ride in their state coaches drawn with blood horses, attended with servants in livery, and who dine from plate costing thousands. This is the equality, the republican simplicity of modern democrats! Who are the men in favor of such a state of things? The office holders, the usurers, the mimic lords of our pseudo republic! They denigrate all those opposed to concentrating power in the President, all oppos-

ed to kingly power in the first magistrate, **FEDERALISTS and themselves DEMOCRATS!**

From the *N. Y. Journal of Commerce*.

THE CROPS.—Gentlemen, who have just returned from tours through the Western part of this State, and in various directions through Michigan, say the crops, every where are very fine. In the great wheat district of this State, the wheat is unusually heavy, and the ground to be reaped larger than ever before. Indian corn is strong and healthy, and promises well. Some places have suffered from drought. At Troy, from this cause, hay is a dollar a hundred. There was a fine shower there, however, a few days ago; and, in general, there is no want of either cold water or caloric to stimulate vegetation. Another friend who has just returned from a long journey through Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan and New York, says with some small exceptions the crops are every where very good. In Michigan the price of wheat is 31 to 50 cents a bushel, according to quality. At Auburn, the farmers ask a dollar a bushel, and the millers offer 84 cents.

HEAR THE OLD METHODIST MINISTER.

The following eloquent appeal is from one whose head is frosted o'er with some seventy winters. Hear him—he speaks with a heart overflowing with love for his country and its institutions, for which, old as he is, he feels a deep and lively interest. We take his letter from the *Augusta (Geo.) Reformer*:

To the Editors of the *Reformer*:

GENTLEMEN:—An old Methodist Minister, who has been one for upward of forty-three years, and who never in his life subscribed for a purely political paper—who never attended a purely political meeting, or in any shape or way engaged in politics, other than to go to the polls and give his vote, now requests you to send him your paper. Although, as a minister, I have hitherto stood aloof from politics, I can really do so no longer. I have read some, reflected much, and often compared the present with the past, and have sighed and mourned over the distress that has been brought on my beloved country. This distress, I conscientiously believe, has been brought on it by the mismanagement of her rulers—nor do I see any thing in the vista but utter ruin, unless some competent and virtuous hand be induced to take the helm. That personage is General Harrison. It is many years since I first became acquainted with this gentleman; and for a length of time, I may say, I was his neighbor. And now, from no other motives than a conviction of his worth and fitness for the office, to which, I hope, he will be elevated, do I take up my pen and make my wishes known. To the members of the Methodist church I particularly address myself. Few of these at the present day know the warm, the steadfast, the uniform friend, Methodism and its preachers had in General Harrison. When these preachers were travelling on the frontiers they always found his house emphatically a home. How kind, how affable, how condescending was this distinguished statesman, may be learned from an occurrence which was told me by a brother preacher.

On a very cold and boisterous night, a young preacher, who came to the General's when he lived (I think) in Vincennes, went to the meeting house to preach, but owing to the inclemency of the weather, not a soul attended except the General and a soldier. The preacher, who was a young man, and full of zeal, considering it his duty to preach whether the congregation was great or small, got up in the pulpit and went through the usual exercises, as though scores were present. During this time the General sat at the foot of the steps leading to the pulpit, giving the most profound attention to the discourse. When the preacher had closed his sermon, perceiving that the soldier was holding down his head, and thinking he was affected by his discourse, he went to him to give him some words of comfort under his supposed distress. The General then got up, and taking a candle out of the candlestick, held it in his hand, close to the preacher, while he was talking to and singing over the poor soldier. This little incident made a deep impression on my mind and endeared the man to me ever afterward. I don't I could see in it a great love for religion and the sacred truths of the Gospel—his great respect for the minister of Jesus Christ in condescending, Statesman, General and Governor as he was, to become a candle holder for a poor, young and inexperienced Methodist preacher. His great philanthropy in remaining in the meeting house of a cold winter's night, if he, by so doing, could only accidentally be tributary to the happiness of a poor soldier. Such a man is worthy to fill the office of President of these United States—and Members of the Methodist church, such a man is now before you. Will you not remember his former kindness to your preachers? You now have it in your power to do something for him, who, in the days of your suffering, did so much for you. Repulse, then, his generosity, whose house was always open to your preachers, and where they in sickness, suffering and distress, were sure to find a home.

AN OLD METHODIST PREACHER.

WHO ARE THE FEDERALISTS?

Alexander Hamilton.—This celebrated statesman who has been so lavishly abused by the Federal Tory papers, as a Monarchist, Federalist, British Whig, &c. was the original proposer of the Sub-Treasury scheme, which this Federal Administration is endeavoring to fasten on the country. In 1837, the Secretary of the Treasury recommended the scheme to Congress by the declaration that "it was urgently recommended by this Department as early as 1790." From 1789 to 1795 Alexander Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury. He was an admitted Federalist. Does any one want better evidence that the leading measure of this Administration is a Federal measure.—*Fayetteville Observer*.

It was the ultra-ism of the Federalist for a strong consolidated government or quasi monarchy and the union of the purse and sword, now urged by Mr. Van Buren in his Sub-Treasury and Standing Army, that ruined that Tory party then, as it will be the death of the locofoco party of to day.—*N. Y. Star*.

THE BEST THING WE CAN DO.

Text—*Molbrook.*

The times are hard and want curing,
They are getting past all enduring;
Let us turn out Martin Van Buren,
And put in Old Tippecanoe.

The best thing we can do,
Is to put in Old Tippecanoe;
It's a business we all can take part in,
So let us give notice to Martin,
That he must get ready for starting,
For we'll put in Old Tippecanoe.

A change of the Administration,
Will be for the good of the nation;
For it is now in a bad situation,
So we'll put in Old Tippecanoe.

The best thing we can do,
Is to put in Old Tippecanoe,
And send the whole posse packing;
Van Buren and all of his backing;
For we've tried them and found them all lacking,
And we'll put in Old Tippecanoe.

We've had of their humbugs a plenty,
For now all of our pockets are empty;
We've a dollar now where we had twenty,
So we'll put in Old Tippecanoe.

The best thing we can do,
Is to put in Old Tippecanoe,
For their rogues can't be defended,
And 'tis time, that their reign should be ended;
We never shall see the times mended,
Till we put in Old Tippecanoe.

Uncle Sam has a cent in his purse now,
And matters are still growing worse now,
There's only one thing left for us now,
It's to put in Old Tippecanoe.

The best thing we can do,
Is to put in Old Tippecanoe;
For we are all of us going to ruin,
As long as we keep such a crew in,
So let us be up and a-doing,
And put in Old Tippecanoe.

A DOUBLE BEREAVEMENT BY LIGHT-NING.

From the *Knoxville (Tennessee) Times*.

A melancholy circumstance occurred in Cooke county, Tenn., near Newport, on the 25th of June. Three of the sons of the Rev. Samuel Lottspeich, (Benjamin, Elbert and Hyram,) were at work some distance from the house. About 2 or 3 o'clock there was an appearance of some rain coming on, they left the field and went to a large sycamore tree, which stood on the bank of the Pigeon river, for shelter; the tree had a hole cut to the hollow, some ten or fifteen inches in size; the hollow was some five or six feet in diameter. The account which Benjamin gave was as follows:—Hyrman, the youngest, entered the hole first, and took his position on one side of the tree, Elbert entered next, and occupied the other side; Benjamin went in and took his position between the two. Soon after, the tree was struck by lightning, near the top; it passed down the trunk, tearing a wide column of scales and loose bark from the tree. About fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, it seems to have parted and come down in two columns, each passing perpendicular over the hole through which the boys entered. The two boys who sat next to the tree were killed, and the other very seriously injured. It seems almost incredible to suppose that the one who escaped death was in the tree at all, or near it; but from an examination of the tree, and the manner in which the lightning entered the hole, the account of it seems to be correct. Each side of the tree seems to have served as a conductor, for just where they sat next the tree, there are visible signs of its knocking off scales, some twelve or fifteen inches in length.

A CONTRAST.

Who gains by the destruction of Credit, and establishment of a Hard Money Currency?

The Officeholders—Who will receive their salaries in gold and silver, while the value of property will be reduced one half.

The Money Lender and the Usurer—Whose gold and silver, will be augmented in value in a ratio corresponding with the reduction of property.

The Rich—For it will, in the language of Gen Jackson "make the rich richer, and the poor poorer."

The Creditor—Who will thereby be enabled to oppress, and utterly ruin his unfortunate debt or.

Who loses by the destruction of Credit, and the establishment of a Hard Money Currency?

The Farmer—Whose farm is reduced in value one half, and its productions in an equal proportion.

The Laborer—Who is either utterly deprived of the means of earning his daily bread, or is compelled to work at a price varying from 10 to 50 cents per day, instead of one dollar and a half, as heretofore.

The Poor Man—Who will be deprived of all prospect of ever rising in opulence in life by the destruction of all credit and enterprise.

The Young Man—Who will have torn from him the great main-springs to industry and exertion—and who, henceforth, must never allow his aspirations to rise above the lower and humbler walks of life, unless born to wealth and opulence.

The Debtor—Whose property will be sacrificed to filth the coffers of his rapacious creditor.

Let every man in the country ponder well the above truths. The Administration have decreed the destruction of credit, and the establishment of a metallic currency; and unless speedily arrested in its course, will soon utterly demolish the lever of individual and national enterprise, prostrate the institutions of our country, and overthrow the prosperity of its citizens.

SHAD FOR THE OFFICE-HOLDERS—HERRING FOR THE PEOPLE. Mr. Cooper of Georgia in a recent speech against the Sub-treasury bill, related the following anecdote, as illustrating the course of the administration in endeavoring to escape the responsibility of creating one currency for the Government and another for the people:—"Two fishermen drew a net of shad and herring. Having an equal number of each they proceeded to divide 'the spoils.' One of them wishing to monopolize the shad assumed the task of dividing the fish, and proceeded to do it as follows. Here, said he, is a shad for me and a herring for you—a shad for you and a herring for me—and so on until he had the shad in his pile, and his simple companion all the herring in his! Just so is it with the Government. Their language to the people is, gold for us and paper for you—rags for you and silver for us, &c."

Beautiful.—The Globe is cramming itself with matter for a Southern market, electioneering against Harrison as an Abolitionist; it has also published a list of Whig members of Congress, who have dared to frank home Mr. Stale's speech on slavery, as an evidence that the Whigs are sustaining abolition. At the same time, the leaders of locofocoism in Vermont are doing their utmost to humbug the (Whig) abolitionists into a third party, on the ground that Harrison and the Whigs are pro slavery men!—This is a beautiful exemplification of the consistency and honesty of the federal office-holders.—*Watchman*.

We perceive the Patriot is out on the Canadian Patriot question. Was it one Martin Van Buren who issued a certain proclamation styling all sympathizers "un-famous individuals?" Was it the same Martin Van Buren who begged Lord Durham to visit Washington, that he might receive evidence of the President's very distinguished consideration—and that, too, when the blood of the murdered victims on board the *Caroline* was unatoned for?

Was it a locofoco Congress which passed the NEUTRALITY BILL, which was reported by James Buchanan? What say you?—*Watchman*.

The Locofocos deny our right to call Gen. Harrison the "farmer candidate." Let them read the annexed extract from one of his speeches in the U. S. Senate, and then say whether he is not eminently entitled to the honorable appellation:

The policy of the country was in his opinion, to lessen the expenses of agriculture and to remove, if possible, the difficulties with which the farmers of the country have now to struggle. He was a farmer alone. He did not own a Bank share in the world; nor had he a farthing invested in mercantile business; but he depended alone on the cultivation of the earth for the support of a large family. He therefore felt a kindred's interest in the welfare of the agricultural class.

Mormons Lynched.—The Quincy Whig of the 18th inst. states that the citizens of Tully, Mo., have recently missed several articles and laid the theft to the Mormons, living at Nauvoo Ill immediately opposite. At length a number of citizens of Tully crossed the river, in the vicinity of the Mormon settlements, where after some searching, they found several of the stolen articles. Shortly after, falling in with a party of three or four Mormons, they were charged with the theft, and forcibly taken across the river & severely lynched. One of them escaped, and running to the river, seized a canoe and reached the other shore, where he fell exhausted.

A public meeting of the Mormons has been held in Nauvoo, at which the following, among other resolutions, was passed:

That the people of Missouri not having sufficiently slaked their thirst for blood and plunder, are now disposed to pursue us with a repetition of the same scene of brutality which marked their whole course of conduct towards us during our unhappy residence among them.

Notwithstanding they have robbed us of our homes, murdered our families, stolen and carried away our property, and their exertions to complete their own infamy as a State, has caused unoffending thousands to be banished from the State without even the form of trial or the slightest evidence of crime.

They are now sending their gang of murderous bandits and thieving brigands to wreak further vengeance and satisfy their insatiable cupidity in the State of Illinois, and that too, before we have even time to erect a shelter for our families.

A SHARP REPLY.—The Van Buren Harvest Home Committee for Philadelphia county, recently invited Mr. Chapman, of Iowa, to participate in their festival. His reply is published in the National Intelligencer and contains the following passages:

"Be assured, gentlemen, that it would afford me no unfeigned pleasure to lend my humble aid in the promotion of the great cause of equal rights, the violation of which may be read in the history of an exhausted Treasury, a deranged currency, a withered commerce, a failing revenue, our Government in debt; and without the least attempt to provide means for removing the present evils, or preventing them in future. The drones who hold the purse, though an empty one, will only have completed the work of desolation when they shall have fixed upon us the direful necessity of a direct tax now openly and boldly avowed by their leaders. When the purse has been exhausted, and its corrupting application of necessity ceased, we have no reason to be astonished at the drones grasping at a standing army as a means of forcing a dissatisfied people into unconditional subservience. That the successful grasp at the sword would be death to liberty, requires no other proof than the universal burst of indignation with which it is met.

My devotion to the sacred cause of human rights, though in a humble sphere, has been one of deep anxiety. And could I believe, that my presence at your commendable celebration would in the least tend to the removal of the drones, or to the rescue of the sword from their grasp, I would forego the pleasure of complying with present engagements, in my power to fortify the noble resolutions of the real inhabitants of the 'Log Cabins.'

Although the name of the 'Log Cabin Candidate' was given to General Harrison by his enemies in derision and ridicule of his humble habitation, yet I feel a confidence that his knowledge of the wants of that gallant and respectable class of our fellow-citizens will not render him

the more unfit to preside over the republic, to whose defence in her most trying moment he led the gallant inmates of the 'Log Cabin.'

PLAIN QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Between Poor Richard and an Office holder, with a salary of \$2000 a year.

Poor Richard.—Captain, I see by the papers that our President has been sending off across the ocean to find out what kind of money the Kings and Emperors take of their people, and how they keep it.—Do you know if he's got any answers yet?

Captain.—Oh Yes. The U. S. Consuls you see, have attended to it, knowing it was to help them to get the gold for their salaries.

P. R.—Well, I reckon they got answers to please them.

Capt.—Why d'ye see.—The answers from Hamburg, Bremen, Cuba, Jamaica, Berlin, Frankfurt in Germany, Leipsic in Saxony, Munich, Smyrna, Genoa, Lagaira, Leghorn, and Constantinople, show, that they require every dollar of the people, or revenue in any shape, in specie. Not a single dollar does the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, King of Sweden, the grand Sultan or any of those arbitrary monarchs, take of their subjects but the real Benton Shiners, sir, or the hard silver—they don't touch a dollar, sir, of bank rags, nor don't put a dollar in the banks.

P. R.—Well, Well—I reckon specie must be easy got in these countries, the people get likely wages, there for work, as there is no bank aristocrats. These specie Emperors and Brokers, &c give fine prices for work, don't they?

Capt.—Why as to that d'ye see—their subjects don't need as much as ours do here—as things are cheaper there.

P. R.—Well, is land cheap too?

Capt.—Oh—the subjects don't own land, it all belongs to the Dukes and Lords.

P. R.—What does the word subject mean?

Capt.—Subjects means that they are under their Kings, Dukes, &c., just like you are under President Van Buren.

P. R.—Why, how long have these subjects been working for their Kings, and Emperors, and Dukes, and Lords, and haven't got no land of their own yet?

Capt.—Why, it's some time since I studied geometry but I guess these empires are rather older than the American Revolution.

P. R.—What and the subjects haven't earn't any land yet, and yet getting specie for wages—why, how much do they get for a day's work?

Capt.—Why, the President don't report what wages the subjects get, for he thinks the subjects ought not to expect too much from the government, and he never thought of asking how much they got for their work.

P. R.—Well, I'm sorry our 'democratic' President didn't think a little about the people, while he was learning how the Kings and Emperors take care of themselves. Well, I was asking George Jacobs the other day, who came from Holstein, and he says they only get seven-pence a day for work and board themselves, and there is some in our neighborhood come from Danitz, from Hamburg and from Bremen, and they say they got from 4 1/2 to 8 pence a day and board ed themselves—they get from 52 to 160 shillings a year and find themselves. Why captain, ain't that the reason they can't get to own any land there—they get such starving wages?

Capt.—I'm very busy now, my dear sir the mail is just coming in—but you ain't going to vote for old Granny Harrison I hope—are you?

P. R.—Why Captain you're in a great flutter—I've seen you 'fore now and talk an hour and let all the mails in the country come and go. I wish you just to answer me one question, and if you can't do it, nor none of the office holders about here, just send on to Amos Kendall, and get him to answer it in the next Extra Globe you give me.

Capt.—Well—what is it? Be quick, for I'm in a hurry.

P. R.—Be patient Captain—perhaps you'll have leisure after a while. It is this—How long would it take a man at 7 pence a day and find himself and family, to clear enough to buy 80 acres of land?—And another quere is, if it is such a fine thing to have specie wages and low prices, what on earth is the reason that these people are coming over by hundreds and thousands from their specie kingdoms and going to work at a dollar a day in this bank ridden country to get land. What on earth is the reason, Captain! Can you tell? And what's the reason the common people own their own land in this country and don't in the specie countries? What can it be?

Capt.—Pshaw! I see you are a Federalist.

While we were going to our dinner on Wednesday, we saw several boys, about 10 years of age, making log cabins with chalk upon the fence. As we were passing them, one of them turned up his face towards us and exclaimed—'Hurrah for Van Harrison!' 'But why do you say Van Harrison, my little man?' quoth we. 'Oh never mind,' said he, 'father has got so far over and I am following in his footsteps—we shall leave the Van of by to-morrow I reckon.—*Louisville Journal*.

Horrid Death.—Mr John Miller of Williamson, Wayne County in this State, was killed in his own yard, a few days since by a young Bull. While milking a cow, the animal ran at him and tossed him up in the air with his horns. Then he trampled upon him, run him through and through, literally impaling him, until his body was horribly mutilated and his bowels torn out. The blood of the poor sufferer upon the face and neck of the animal, seemed to enrage him more and the furious beast wreaked his vengeance upon his lifeless remains, long after all resistance had ceased. All this took place in the presence of his wife and children, who could render no assistance until it was un-availing.—*Troy Mail*.

The Harrison Flag!—An Indiana gentleman who arrived here yesterday morning, by the way of Madison, states that as he was coming through Indiana almost every wagon that he met or passed was bearing the Harrison flag, he counted, within a short distance back of Madison, between twenty and thirty of these 'land ships,' all of which had flags flying aloft, with the inscription—'Harrison and Reform!'

Louisville Journal.